



SONGS OF THE AMBRAW

CHARLES C. LEE



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Book _____

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SONGS OF THE AMBRAW
AND
OTHER VERSES

By
CHARLES C. LEE

CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

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By Charles C. Lee

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To
My wife, Katherine C. Lee

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WHY travel abroad in style and state
To stand in line at a foreign gate,
In search of a place where beauty abides,
Where the silver waves of the rivers glide
O'er sands of gold, to the ocean tide?

HERE, God has painted the lily as fair,
As those that unfold in the foreign air,
The grass grows green as South Sea isles,
The waters sparkle and the rivers smile
—Distant Lands should not beguile.



SONGS OF THE AMBRAW

THE AMBRAW

THE bold voyageur with his magical oar
On the streams of the west which he
came to explore,
If living, would grieve for the forests
he knew,
Flash of the paddles and glide of
canoe.
His spirit, as the voice of one long at
rest,
On the wind whispers back from the mys-
tical past,
And tells of a christening, in darkness
and night:
“Ambraw! the swift water, is out in its
might.”

THE AMBRAW (Continued)

This river comes forth from a lonely abode,

 The pools and lagoons of a long vanished
 lake,

Adorned and bedecked in Nature's bright
 robe,

With flowers whose tints no other can
 make.

They grace and enrich, by her touch and
 caress,

The beauty she gave to her own first love,
Where the bright purple flag and the blue
 stem grass,

Nod in the winds to the clouds far above.



THE AMBRAW (Continued)

In greatness and grandeur its hills stand in
pride,

In serrated order, as the Cossack may ride;
Their portals are open, the valley full wide,
For the rush of wild waters—a turbulent
tide.

Behind this dark border of battlements high
Through sunshine and storm still patiently
lie,

At the foot of the hills, the marl and the
clay,

Broken and scarred, as the years pass away.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

THE AMBRAW (Continued)

Down through the valley, as flows the Blue
Nile,
It races and runs like a wild horse **at** play,
Or lingers and loiters, as a maid to beguile,
And wanders abroad in bayou and bay.
It lies silver and bright beneath the full
moon,
Hears the call of wild geese, the cry of the
loon,
The echoing hoot of the owl in his tree,
As it passes the hills flowing on to the
sea.

THE AMBRAW (Continued)

The soil in its borders is rich as red wine,
Where once roved the bison, the panther
and deer;
'Tis the realm of the corn, the fields of
the kine,
As Egypt of old when famine drew near.
While it carries the waters of snows and of
rain,
Its lands will provide for the dwellers
therein,
From the fruits of the farm and the bounti-
ful grain
Of the rolling green hills and the wide fer-
tile plain.

CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE

IN the days when the Indians lived
down
On the banks of the creek in the
good hunting ground,
The Kickapoo came from the western
land
To mingle its waters with the Ambraw,
so grand,
When in flood she comes down with
loud muddy tide,
All over the valley her waters spread
wide,
As if the whole world in her anger
she'd hide.
Rolling on! Ever on! Not a moment
she stays,
The driftwood she carries rocks up
on the waves,
Passing on! Ever on! Like unwilling
slaves;
No galley they row, they handle no
oar,
As if chained to their task, come
not ashore.

CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE (Continued)

Running Horse came to this fast rising tide,
He came from the east and brought his young bride;
They stood on a bluff of this wild muddy stream,
The sun was fast sinking, wild waters between
Them and the home he had promised his queen.
The clouds were banked high, in red and dark blue,
As kissed by the sun in its final adieu.
The night wind first whispered a sweet gentle sigh
In the top of the timber, was flying quite high;
Then whistled and moaned, in angry roar
Beat up the waves on sand-bar and shore.

SONGS OF THE AMBRAW

CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE (Continued)

He was the young Chief of his fast failing tribe,
Strong in his manhood and filled with his pride;
As he stood on the bluff by the side of his bride,
His eyes roved the water—a fast rising tide.
The storm beat upon them—winter's cold blast,
No shelter was there, where they could find rest,
The wind growing louder, at black night's behest.
They had traveled too far to retreat in the cold
—She gazed up in wonder, his look was so bold,
Yet, no plan he offered, did no method unfold,
To cross this wide river to the campfire of old,
Of which he had told her—The Wild Turtle Dove.

CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE (Continued)

Quickly he sensed her wonder and faith,
Folded her to him, looked on her dark
face,

Resolved in his heart whatever might
come

He would ferry her over to the camp-fire
of home.

Remembering the canoe hid up in the bend,
He looked at his bride, then the waters
again;

Told her of his love, how in great pride,
His people were waiting on the far Western
side

To welcome them home—the Chief and his
Bride.

Asked, if she had courage to ride the swift
tide,

If he paddled the canoe to the land of his
tribe?

She remembered her people, her lineage too;
Murmured she gladly would ride the canoe.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE (Continued)

They soon were afloat on the treacherous stream,
Night had come down; the light ning did gleam,
Casting weird shadows, like a ghastly screen;
Mingling with drift, with timber and brush,
Baffling his sight, as the paddle he thrust,
To steer this frail craft through darkness and night,
Stem the wild current in its madness and flight.
Trees of the forest on the water did ride,
Like phantoms and witches, a lost soul bestride;
Could this rolling canoe, from the log of a tree,
Live out this wild ride, the shore would it see?



CHIEFTAIN AND BRIDE (Continued)

With the courage and sinew of a warrior's
race,

This battle for life, he this danger did
face.

He bent all the skill of a water-man's
pride,

The canoe to hold straight, this dugout
to guide.

He is winning the goal, by inches and feet.
As a thoroughbred wins when another he
meets

—Has reached still waters where willows
grow tall,

Where the pawpaw turns yellow in early fall.
Across the backwater in safety they glide,
To the light of the fire, the home of the
tribe,

Who dance a wild greeting to Chieftain and
Bride.

WHIPPOORWILL

YOU can hear the Whippoorwill
From the lowly place he's sought,
As he whistles in the evening
The call he has been taught
By that Teacher, of all teachers,
Who knows our every thought,
And tells us by His creatures
When the seasons change about.

They are wise from Nature's schooling,
By their instinct they can sense
When the lovely Spring is coming
With flowers and sweet incense;
How she will in great profusion
Clothe the hills and vales,
In a radiance of beauty
With verdure and with vines,

WHIPPOORWILL (Continued)

And sprinkle in among them
The flowerlets divine.
With blue grass for a canvas
A landscape will unfold
That is equaled by no artist
Though he dip his brush in gold,
And mingle in his painting
All the colors that he knows.

He cannot paint a hillside,
A waterfall or rill,
He cannot do a sunset,
A palace on a hill,
That will hold you for a moment
Like the picture Nature spills,
All in her loving kindness
Along the Ambraw hills.

OUR NATIVE LAND

“Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!”

Sir Walter Scott.

LET us try to tell you
In a farmer kind of way,
The story that she tells us
As we see her day by day;
The beauty of her upland,
The rugged hills and shore,
About the fertile corn lands,
Of trees and moss galore.

OUR NATIVE LAND (Continued)

The little nooks in woodland
Where the ferns and harebells grow,
The daisies and buttercups
In the blue grass setting low:
Sweet Williams and the golden rod,
And so many friends we know,
Like the redbud and the dogwood,
The crab tree when in blow.

This is a land of beauty
Like an Eastern fairy tale,
It is second unto Eden
And excels fair Cashmere's Vale.
But we know you can not see it,
That our words do not avail,
You will have to come and live it
And get it in your blood.
Then, you'll love her in the summer
And in the winter's flood.

OUR NATIVE LAND (Continued)

When you drink the waters,
Its gravel and its grit
Will hold you to these borders
And this land you'll never quit;
Until Time shall call you higher,
When the hour glass and sand
With their slow and certain measure
Shall have measured out your span.
And it's written on your monument,
“Gone to a better land.”

Then some Native reading
The words thus said of you.
Will firmly take his stand
And state unto his neighbor
“**There is no better land,**
Than the land along the river,
It is made of silt and sand,
We always have a harvest
Our crops are always grand.”

THE ICE KING

THE Ice King sat on his crystal throne
At the top of his highest berg
And called his captains to hear his word
Of command—to man his Icy Fleet
For a sail to the south and a warmer clime,
Free from the frost and sleet
Of their Northern home, that chilled the
bone,
The heart in its pulse and beat.

They shivered and shook their icicle beards
And answered, "Aye Sire! We will set the
sail
For the bitter gale and the driving hail;
Bid the region we have known so long,
Its blizzard blast with mournful song,
The dreary dark and endless nights
A lasting, final, full farewell,
And with thee sail where'er you will."

THE ICE KING (Continued)

On the highest peak the King on his seat
Gazed forth for thousands of miles,
His eyes, that could see as far as the light,
Were cold as his lofty spires;
His searching sight from left to right
Explored the land he would take,
While his mighty ships with stone and drift
Were filling the rivers and lakes.

With ceaseless force on his crushing course
He came to an unknown land,
Where primitive man had never been
And the wild beast had his lair;
The skies above like seas of love—
No mountain or hill was near—
The face of the land an Elysian dream
To the crew of the snow, and their King.

THE ICE KING (Continued)

He anchored his flashing fleet of bergs
On the edge of this level plain,
Turned on his throne and cursed
The north, its frost and frozen rain;
Swored by his fear of Northern gods
By the ice that filled his mane,
So long as he lived he would never return
To the land from whence he came.

But, the sun came north from Capricorn,
The life and light of every zone,
Turned on this King and his crystal throne,
On his glittering glacial spires
The heat of a million fires;
Till the waters they held in icy bond
Ran like a river on mountain found,
As they race to a foreign shore.

SONGS OF THE AMBRAW

THE ICE KING (Continued)

These waters o'erflowed this pleasant plain,
Tore and gashed its peaceful form,
Dug through its fertile virgin soil
The way for a river deep and wide;
Built the hills its course to guide,
Through them cut the dells and vales,
With mighty sweep as ocean tide
Terraced the ridges and smoothed each side.

After thousands of years, the Redman roamed
The forest and valleys, this river his home,
No spirit of its waters, or sprite of its trees,
A name for this river and country could give;
When it was mentioned in reverence or prayer,
No name came forth its beauty could bear,
It was described, by the hand in the air,
A Signal of Plenty, a Country so Fair.

OTHER VERSES

THE JUNGLES

I HAVE gone through The Jungle at midnight,
When the beasts came forth for their

prey;

In droves, and in pairs, and in singles,
They were out to devour and to slay.

Those who traveled alone had the courage,
Were fearless and bold in the night,
For themselves and their offspring could
forage;

While the pairs would double their might.

The drove were a pack of black cowards,
The number, their courage belied;
To pursue, they must press close together,
Feel a presence and touch at the side.

I could feel all the stealth and the creeping.
The approach, that whispers of death;
The snap of the twigs in their breaking,
A struggle, a gasp, for a breath.

THE JUNGLES (Continued)

Then borne on the winds from the distance
Came a clatter of hoof beats in fear,
A shadow flits by through the darkness
And gone is the fleet footed deer.

There is noise and sound of the night life,
The growl of the brute in his lair;
Cries, that cut, and that stab, like a knife.
"Tis the blood thirst,—death and despair.

I have gone through the city at midnight,
Have seen the bright lights from afar;
The glare, that allures and delights,
Those who linger in pleasure when there.

It glows and reflects in the sky,
As a cloud from a cauldron of fire;
As if anger and vengeance drew nigh,
To smite, as a god in his ire.

THE JUNGLES (Continued)

In the muck, the damp and the blackness,
Where the streets are stained with crime
The light turns red in the darkness,
Because, of the evil designed.

It's the drove and the pack, as in Jungle,
Who gang through the Streets in the
night;
The crafty and sly, who commingle,
And prey upon thrift in the light.

I turned from The Jungle and City,
To the homes, the fields and the woods;
Where He who looks down in His pity,
Is known, and His word understood.

Where the sunlight falls on the door step
And the children play in the grass;
Where the moon comes over the tree top,
And flowers, in their season troop past.

POETS SAY

POETS have told in their matchless
way

The endless things they have to say;
The beauties of earth, the clouds and
sky,
The flowers they saw in passing by,
Of lakes and streams they were grow-
ing nigh.

They have portrayed the shady dell,
The soft blue grass where shadows
fell,
The shade of the maple and elm tree,
'Neath which they lay and looked a-
bove
At the blue of the sky with joy and
love.

POETS SAY (Continued)

They tell of the rivers, they tell of the streams
With their gauze of light and radiant sheen;
They describe the forest in its beautiful green,
The orchards they crown like an ancient queen
With garlands so rare and seldom seen.

I have followed the streams
Where they flowed away,
Safely hid in their banks so gay,
Where the cottonwood and sycamore sway
And the willow thickets come to stay.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

POETS SAY (Continued)

Many a bank I did find
With water-moccasins sleeping fine,
Basking there in the bright sunshine,
Ready to slide with noiseless glide
Into the waiting silver tide.

The poet who sees but beautiful fields
Covered o'er with endless green,
Views of gorgeous hue and elegant scene,
Rivers and lakes in silver sheen,
The nooks and corners, has never seen.

The poet is right, his conduct grand,
The prose of life no muse can stand ;
It is left for us who have no wings,
On the ground must stay,
Can not soar and sing.

ON TO THE SOUTH

THE winds of the north cut like a knife,
Their voice a cry and weird moan,
As they twist and turn in their strife
And whine like a ball from rifle gun;
Snap and snarl in the traveler's face,
Bare their teeth as onward they race
Into the South to spend their force
—On to a final resting place.

Fly by the side of the lighted train
Fan the fire of the engine flame,
As into the night it flees on its way
Pursued by this wrath of northern day;
Fast to the South, a twinkling light.
As soul pursued, in its bitter night,
On to the South in endless flight.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

ON TO THE SOUTH (Continued)

It makes complaint of the burden it bears
With creak and groan of rattling cars
 To the frosty steel, o'er and o'er,
 Who answer back, clickety clack!
 clickety clack!

On to the South with its human freight
For a haven of rest before too late
 —As we to Peter, beside the gate.

Its fire with sulphuric smell
Coaled and stoked tended well,
 To boil the witches, from waters dank
 Held in the maw of its iron tank,
Who press its sides like infernal fiends
—Gigantic force of imprisoned steam
 That lash this monster on its way,
 South from the North Winds cruel play.

SUNSHINE AND SNOW

A CITY whose parks in the sunshine
Are gems in her teeming life,
Whose buildings greet the skyline
And the cloudlets floating by,
Crowns the hills of a mighty river,
On whose ever restless tide
Rolls the sternwheel of the packet,
And the stately steamers ride.

The sweep of the tawny waters
From mountain lake and stream,
The curve and bend of the river
—A grand and majestic scene!
They have done their solemn duty
To the harvest in its yield,
Watered the trees of the forest,
The fruits of garden and field.

SUNSHINE AND SNOW (Continued)

This in the Fair Southland,
Where orange and magnolia grow,
And only once in a life time
 The blast of the North Winds go,
That lays on the Southern Lands
 A beautiful blanket of snow.
Not the bitter frigid drift,
That is spread on the frozen north,
 But eider down, a friendly frown,
To gentle and soften the blow.

A touch, to show the beautiful glow,
When the sun comes out on the
 silent hills
To mingle its rays in the river's
 mist;
Paint the world in delicate tints,
 Caress the top of temple and spire,
 Fill the street with flash of fire,
—A radiant light o'er Southern Land
 Beautiful beams from the Master's hand!

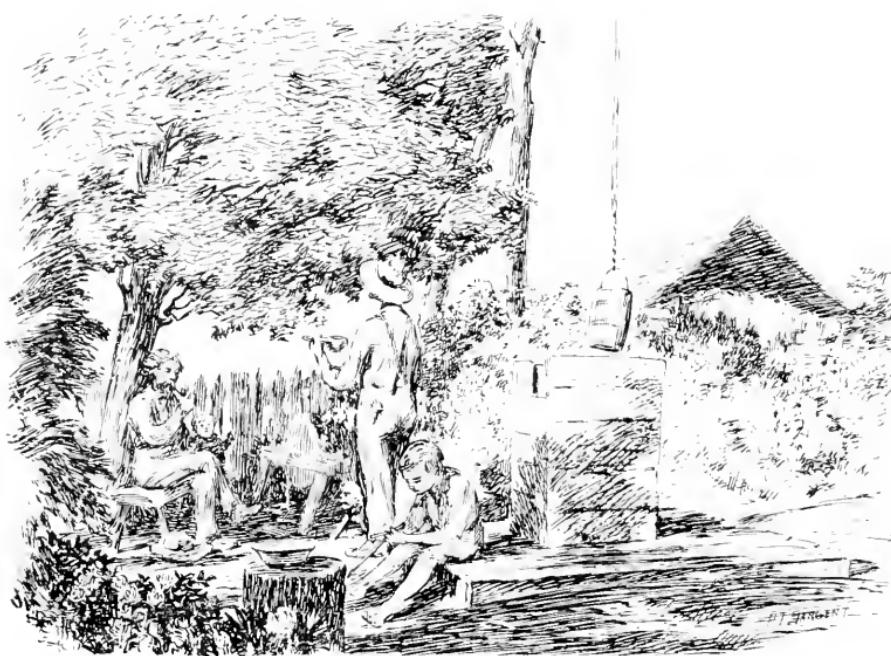
CHILDHOOD AND AGE

O, THE Childhood days of Long Ago
That now we see in the after-glow,
In the evening of many a pleasant year,
We think of the past and almost hear
The voice of those who have gone before;
Its caressing cadence would feel once
more,
As a musical note of the wind in May,
When it sighs and dies, passes away,
Coming no more, refusing to stay;
Though we listen and listen the livelong day.

The vision is rare that brings to life
Thoughts and hopes of childhood days,
Revels again in joys and doubts,
In fancy free, in childish shouts,
Quickly gone from the childlike mind,
Soaring away on the wings of time
Buoyant with hope, in confidence rare,
O, that Age, could in Childhood share!

CHILDHOOD AND AGE (Continued)

Could we have our wish or desire
It would not be to win by toil that
 tires,
The wealth and gain for which men
 contend,
Nor the applause of men sought in the end.
Let us laugh with the joy and glee
 That in Childhood came to you and me,
 Came without money, came without price,
Thrilled us with gladness, gone in a trice,
 Coming again, unbidden and free,
 To mellow our days, as life should be.



THE LOST CUP

I CAN see as in a vision
In the twilight or the dawn,
A farm, and a lonely cabin,
The well, with a curb around;
Its sweep, a ghostly goblin,
As it travels up and down.

I see the gourd on the well curb,
Where it hung and swung in the
breeze
Inviting all, who passed along
To come, and rest at ease,
And be refreshed with Adam's ale
In the shade of the maple trees.

THE LOST CUP (Continued)

We now, have the new fangled notions,
The contraptions so nice and complete,
The plumbing, enameled and open
With fixtures all nickeled and neat;
—Away, with the glistening goblet,
In the hand of a maid, so petite.

Could I only go back to my boyhood,
The log house, the well with its sweep,
And lie in the sun in the open,
Dwell in the days that were fleet,
Drink from a gourd when I'm thirsty,
The servants, their crystal might keep.

Gone are the cabin and well curb,
Along with the sweep and the gourd.
The comforts of life press upon me,
When I long and thirst for a drink.
O, how the children forget me!
They have taken my Cup from the sink.

INGRATITUDE

HE slaved for others without hope of gain;
As mother for child will sacrifice,
Or she wolf for whelp will make device.
Denied himself, for their happiness and gain,
By faithful service sought to overcome
Promotion's slow delay, and smooth for them,
Their daily walk and way.

His reward was conscious duty done,
No return in kind did he expect,
Hoping only for such gratitude, or respect,
As might be given to a faithful beast of burden,
Chafed by harness coarse and sodden,
With sweat and dirt of toil well done
In many days of heat and sun.

INGRATITUDE (Continued)

'Twas well the philosophy of his mind
so ran,
Those who received the kindness of his
heart and hand,
As they advanced in station, wealth and
strength,
Or outward grace and beauty, come at
length
His commonplace and homely presence to
resent.

With bitter words and conduct rude
Turned, to rend him through and through.
As the jungle beast its prey will do;
His good intent and wishes flout,
To show on them did no obligation rest.
They would scar, as with tooth and claw
His spirit, as if it were flesh, to be
made bleeding raw;
To grow, if it would again, with whitened
seams,
Mute evidence of his destroyed dreams.

INGRATITUDE (Continued)

Flesh will grow and knit again,
 But a kindly spirit torn and rent,
By Ingratitude scorched and burnt
 Ne'er heals; but glows red
With the heat of shame and dread:
 Humiliated, struggles to forget
 The stabs and thrusts inflicted
 without regret,
By recipients of former kindness—to
 pay the debt.
And if he prays, will ask for strength,
 Will say, "They know not what they do,
Some error I must have made
 To be tortured, shamed and treated so."

SONGS OF THE AMBRAW

THE MUSE

IF I were only a poet
And knew I could prove it,
With words I'd abuse
The sullen old Muse.

She is a fickle old jade
Who will balk in the shade;
Her favor withhold
From the young or the old.

She will brush off her pants,
Sit down for a rest
And there she may stay,
Though I beg her my best.

WIVES

THE Wives of men are the salt of the
earth,

To help and encourage in sorrow or
mirth,

They work and toil in youth or age,
In wisdom excel the ancient sage.

They are fairer than lilies, better
by far,

For they toil and spin, are busy each
hour;

To please they give their endless care
And fill your life, as an incense rare.

They steady the gait of the runaway
And keep him at work instead of play;
Flatter and fool, cajole him along,
Make him feel big and think he is
strong.

WIVES (Continued)

When he's down and out, his ego all
gone,
When he knows he is weak, is seeking
the strong,
He turns to his Wife, in penitence
rare,
For her love and help, her kindly care.

She tells him how big and strong he
is,
That all of the courage in life is his;
To go back in the game and fight it
through,
If he can not win, it's a great
howdy-do!

She knows he's a child and treats him
so,
Often is tired of his brag and blow;
But to manage and drive, direct him
on,
Is her lot in life—the job she is on.

WIVES (Continued)

She must keep him up for appearance
sake,

Or people will know she made a mistake;
There are others, with husbands, too,
So, she must the while, keep bragging
on you.

If she should tell and the neighbors
find out

The meanness you do when no one's
about,

You would be ruined, your standing
gone;

So, when you go out you must take her
along

And be the poor tune, of her wonderful
song.

HUSBANDS

THE poor old husband a burden must
bear,

His days are filled with endless
care,

He labors and toils that others may
fare

In fashion and style,—fine clothes
may wear;

To show them off is pulled here and
there,

To parties and functions every where.

Like a dog of the boy,—a collar must
wear,

With rope tied fast to haul and tear;
His neck is stretched, his toes hold
fast

When he balks and slides on walk or
grass.

He mourns the days that are gone and
past,

When in freedom he roamed,—in the
night went fast.

HUSBANDS (Continued)

As the dog to the boy, so husband
to wife,

To "sic" on the others, her foil
through life.

He the collar must wear, she the
lily will be;

Neither toil nor spin, but happy
and free.

Like goods on the shelf he is shoved
about,

That madam may pose,—her clothes
try out.

There are days when the dog he would
gladly be,

Would break from the boy, run wild
and free,

Or hide away in the break of the cane
Safe from the tyrant, from collar and
chain;

Would seek his own fun in his own good
way,

Free from the boss with the endless say.

HUSBANDS (Continued)

When Fourth of July comes drift-
ing 'round,
With crackers and noise of end-
less sound.
He sighs for the days he used to
know,
—Was then his own boss, could come
and go,
Wander away in this land of the
free,
Happy and glad as a man should be.
When he rebels and curses his fate,
The conventions of life say
 O, It's too late!
You are bound and tied as Mazeppa
 of old;
Not on a horse frantic and wild,
But fast to the apron string, as
 a child.

FOREST AND GLEN

ALONG with the elves of the Goblin Lands,

Where the elms wave and the walnut
stands,

There lingered a lad, who the trees be-
guiled,

To the timber's edge and the forest aisles,

That curve and bend, winding away

—Enchanting views to a boy at play!

He roamed the tangled weedy glen,

Where wild flowers grow and briars are
found,

With paths that show where creatures have
been,

That travel by night, in the woods abound;

And the silent ridges, where moss grows
green

'Neath the ancient oak, with its gnarled
crown.

FOREST AND GLEN (Continued)

He heard the whispering timber sprites,
Like a voice of the wind in a summer
night;
The noise of creatures unsight, unseen,
Weaved in and out like fancy's dream,
And charmed this child of Forest and Glen
More, than later, could the voice of men.

He learned the ways of forest life,
How they fought and quarreled, of their
endless strife;
How the weak must flee, when the strong
came nigh,
If caught, must perish and die.

FOREST AND GLEN (Continued)

Later in life in city and town,
Where people both flatter and frown,
This boy from Forest and Glen
 Knew the minds of various men,
From the resemblance in them,
 To many an early wildwood friend.

He found the lessons he learned so well,
 As he watched the denizens of forest
 and dell,
Might well apply, as rules of the game.
 Where men contend in honor or shame,
For place and pelf and great renown,
 Where the strong ones win, the weak
 beat down.

FOREST AND GLEN (Continued)

On the other hand, when we look around,
For acts of kindness, for love profound,
For self-denial, by duty bound,
 Things of the wild, birds in the trees,
Would put us to shame, for what one sees
 Where people starve and children freeze.

Yet, from whispering winds in tangled vines,
From nodding flowers of shades divine,
From all the life of Forest and Glen,
 The love and hope, the strife of men,
A lesson we learn, as we travel along;
 Is the Battle of Life for only the strong?

THE BIG WIND

THIS is the day of socialism wide flung,
The nations of the earth they must be
gone,
Like mothers, to be deserted by their
young
Who, seek false gods, when told they are
strong.
Sing of internationalism, the siren song,
—Filled with ingratitude, forgetful
of the past,
Lost to what will make our freedom last;
So eager to comply with the passing
fashion of the day,
We would our liberty and freedom cast away.

THE BIG WIND (Continued)

Who are these men of trump and drum,
Whence and from where does their knowl-
edge come,
About which they prate, talk and tell,
Of their love for mankind, their noise
to swell?
Who is mankind, for whom we should strive.
Be taxed and toil, of our substance give?
Is it our own, or for others to live;
Is it our Country of freedom and fame
We should keep and protect, "The land of
the free?"
Shall we throw it away, if we hear The Big
Wind
From Paris or London, or even Berlin?

THE BIG WIND (Continued)

What we are asking and wanting to know,
 What for so long has been troubling us so,
Is, why this big noise about Europe and all
 Its big nations, and nations so small?
Why should we take them like orphans to
 raise,
Brag on ourselves, and furnish the praise,
 When they were of age, with whiskers full
 wide,
Before Columbus came to this side?

THE BIG WIND (Continued)

These people we are advised to adopt and
protect,

Have customs and habits they love and
respect.

Their language, their literature, their free-
dom and rights,

They have sought to preserve from endless
attacks;

Are proud of their customs, of country and
fame,

Have they asked us to be guardians, to rule
over them?

Before we assume we are wanted by others
so old,

Why be forward, immodest and bold ,
Because The Big Wind, a Sirocco of Sound,
And the mob with its yelling, our judgment
has drowned?

THE RACE

IN the morning of life our spirit
is bold,
Sails high in the sky with courage
untold;
Surrounded by friends, the loved
ones we know,
Ambition goes forth the world to
o'er throw.
Through youth and young manhood, to
middle of life,
We are restless and eager, long for
the strife.

THE RACE (Continued)

When the sun goes Westward and the
 shadows reverse,
We are tired of the going, tired of
 the course;
Like a horse when in training will
 turn from the track,
The struggle give up and refuse to
 come back.
Our friends are all gone, our kin-
 dred all dead;
The spirit is humble and effort we
 dread.

The Race is all over, the Winners
 have won,
The quitters all quit when the
 quarter was run,
You stayed in the race and fought
 to the end,
With muscle and nerve for the wire
 did contend.
The finish was fast, from the flag
 it was close,
Like a furious drive for driver and
 horse.

THE RACE (Continued)

In The Race of life from begin-
ning to end,
How true you may run, how well
you contend,
Those who decide may see you the
last,
Though you go it alone, in the fin-
ish come fast;
Come from behind, with speed in re-
serve,
Or travel ahead, and come on your
nerve.

The fun of the game, the sport
of the play,
Is playing it square, what'er they
may say.
If you win, do not brag, as no gen-
tleman will;
If you lose take your loss—be a
gentleman still.
He who brags and boasts, if he hap-
pens to win
Will welch and whine, when the gaff
is for him.

COME OVER

I HAVE writ
Another little skit,
If you'll Come Over
I'll let you look at it.

I know it's nothing fine
Just some foolish sort
of rhyme
Made up in my mind,
Only to pass the time.

When time hangs on
And the day seems long,
As I can't fiddle, or blow
a horn,
I sometimes try to write a
song.

Of course, I can't sing,
And yet a better thing,
I know I can't,
Which some folks don't,
Who make a noise in their
throat.

FLOWERS

I LOVE the delicate tint of the rose
In the early morn
With the dew on her crown,
Her head held high to the breeze that
comes,
To which she nods, up and down,
Like the queen she is of the Flowers
around.

She blooms and blushes in stately
grace;
Her breath perfumes the garden place,
Invites us to call and linger a while
To see her beauty, her tender smile,
Enjoy her fragrance sweet and rare
Forget our troubles and every care.

FLOWERS (Continued)

While standing there I looked about;
The blue Verbenas in modest doubt,
Old-fashioned Zinnias straight and tall
Touch-me-nots along the wall,
The Gladiolus of majestic mien,
With other friends I had often seen.

Along the border, like stripes in the
flag,
Red with life and flaming light
Of Northern Fire when it leaps in the
night,
Stood the Geraniums a challenge to all;
Scarlet crests on emerald green,
A streak of flame, in a floral dream!

THE FUGITIVE

IN fear for his life, in the midnight hush,
He saddled and bridled beneath the stars,
A horse of endurance, speed and brush,
Whose eyes were bright as the light from
Mars.

Rags on his hoofs to deaden the sound,
Hand on his nose to stifle a neigh;
The turf is reached on frozen ground,
The rider is up, off and away.

Ridden far out over neck and mane,
A horse runs free in his own good way;
Going a gait he will long maintain,
Fast through the dark, as coming day.

THE FUGITIVE (Continued)

On through the night, as the plain sped by,
Hitting the sod with touch and go;
Was the goal he sought drawing nigh,
As rider and horse rock to and fro?

A guilty thought is a brave man's foe,
And the guilty flee when none pursue;
Wrong that is done is grief and woe
—Ride with Duty, when the dawn is new.

Travel as far as the distant star,
Flee as swift as a ray of light,
The thought in the mind is always there;
And Wrong pursues by day and night.

LITTLENESSEN

IN the glory of the morning
With the sun so bright and glad,
When the church had been attended,
The prayers had all been said,
And the hearts of all the people
Should rejoice and be glad;
There were those who dwelt among us
'Tis regretful to relate,
Who were out of sorts with Nature
And by some decree of fate,
In a bad perverse condition
That suggested thoughts of hate.

It was not that they were bitter
At their present state of life,
Were fearful in the struggle
Or, had weakened in the strife;
They seemed to be so little
And their eyes so dim of sight,
They failed to see the grandeur
Of a world so good and bright.
It may be they had prospered
From a worldly point of view,
And their hearts had slowly hardened
With their gear so nice and new.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

LITTLENESSEN (Continued)

Such people need some treatment
Of a harsh and violent kind,
To cure them of their meanness,
And loosen up their minds
To the beauties all around them,
And the rights of all mankind.
They may meet with some disaster
That will teach them out of hand,
The beauties of Dame Nature
And the glory of the land,
Are all a gracious favor
Of Him, Who doth command.

All the lovely mornings
Days both dark and drear,
All the brilliant flowers,
The ugly weeds and tares;
The cool and shady bowers
And noonday's steady glare,
Are the gifts of a Higher Power
In this life we have to share,
And in common with each other
We should love and learn to bear.

NO ONE READY

I HEAR them sing of the Pearly
Gates,
Of the Gates that stand ajar.
I ask my neighbor what he thought,
As he stood and looked afar?
He said he lived in Texas a year
And then to Kansas went,
Moved around from timber to town
'Till his money all was spent;
In Illinois would now be found,
Unless they raised the rent.

I hear them sing of the Jasper
Walls,
Of the streets that are paved with
gold,
I ask the traveler where he was bound
If he could enter the Fold?
He said he'd lived in Arctic cold,
Had chills in Southern land,
Found this world hard and rough,
Had braved the desert sand;
While Illinois was bad enough,
The climate he could stand.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

NO ONE READY (Continued)

I hear them sing of the Golden Harp,

The harp of a thousand strings.

I ask the ancient old and lame,

As he tottered along on his crooked
cane,

What he thought of this heavenly strain ?

He said he oft' could hear a sweet refrain

And feel the touch of an angel's wing,

But had lived so long in the world we know,

For so many years gone to and fro,

While he had no fear, was loth to go.

It looks to me, from what I see,

And what I hear them say,

While we all can agree

That Pearly Gates and Jasper Walls,

The Streets all Paved with Gold

And the harp of a thousand strings,

Will be beautiful things,

Nice and fine in that Better Clime,

And we love to think of it so,

Yet no one seems at the present time,

To be up and ready to go.

THE DREAMER

LET me dream, in the shade of a white oak,
As I did in the Long Ago;
Of a road, that leads to the Westward,
To a place we do not know.

Let me sit in the fading sunlight,
Filled with hope and a firm desire,
To adventure and travel onward,
And meet what may transpire.

I have traveled far, in a boy's dream,
In the time of my fleeting years;
On the Sunset side, in fading light,
The end of the road appears.

As I come to the journey's end
May I dream of a future day,
When The Dreamer may rest forever
At the end of his Westward way.

MY SWEETHEART

YOU say she is looking old?
That is never so to me,
When I gaze upon her
The only look I see
Is the one she wore so sweetly
When she went to church with me.

She is always young and cheerful,
Gay and happy all the while,
As the day when I was fearful
When together down the aisle
We stepped along so slowly,
And neither wore a smile.

MY SWEETHEART (Continued)

It may be I am aging,
That I can't deny, you know,
My hair I find is graying,
And my step is rather slow;
But with her this cannot be,
Because she is my Sweetheart,
As any one can see.

Age is neither here nor there,
We have gone along together
Traveled that way everywhere;
It makes no difference to us,
The color of our hair,
So long as we're together
And each knows the other's there.

THE PRUDE

THE artist may strive
With his talent and brush,
The poet may sing
With the voice of a thrush,
But if nature steps forth
On the canvas in view,

Or the words tell a story
That plainly is true,
The Prude will be shocked
And the air she turns blue;
The scowl on her face
Will be yellow in hue.

THE PRUDE (Continued)

When darkness deposes the light
She can think her thoughts
And not take fright;
When the day is gone
And she sits in the night,
What her prudery feared,
May indeed look right.

When a star comes out
With its diamond ray,
Beside the modest Milky Way,
And the beams of the moon
Are having their play,
Then life that lives
Can not stop or stay.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

THE PRUDE (Continued)

Like the sands of the dune
That move in the night,
When the winds come down
From the Northern Light,
—Then is no time for a pru-
dish frown,
For the day has gone
And the night is down.

REVEILLE

THE legions of night are stealing away,
From the east where the red banners flare
In the sky to signal the birth of a day,
And blend with the purple and blue of the
air,
As the darkness fades out and away.

Over hills, where the forest crowns them
with green,
Where the rivers come down on their way
to the sea,
Flash the guns of the morn,—a Grand Re-
veille—
A sign, that recalls to the children of men,
Creation's first dawn, when Time first began.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

REVEILLE (Continued)

The robin, whose heart has tinted his breast,
His cry, a thanksgiving for safety and
rest,

The thrush, whose notes by the angels were
blessed,

The red-bird, whose song is a lyrical lay,
Sing with delight at the coming of day.

Arise from your slumber, and bow to this
Queen,

Her splendor it calls and beckons to you;
Look forth to the sky and old Mother earth,

The coming of day is a glorious birth
Of beauty and fortune for you.

THE JUROR

IF Nature's power is calm and still,
As we sit in peace to drink our fill
Of ease and rest in the Fall of the
year,

What man has done may interfere.
Laws he has passed or failed to make,
Things he has done, would undertake,
To cheat his neighbor, the peace to
break,
Disturb our dream, and we're wide
awake.

Circuit Court comes in the fall,
Judge and jury, lawyers and all,
At the court house, in the shire town,
Our turn on the jury has come around.
I look for the gown, the wool sack, too
—The Judge's coat is a navy blue,
His desk and chair a shiny brown,
And wear the name of a Michigan town.

THE JUROR (Continued)

The judge in the kindest sort of way
Asked each and all what they had to say
As a reason why they should not stay.

One man said, he was all alone,
He had no wife, of kindred none,
But a great big farm that must be run.
Another said he had children ten
And the stork was flying around again.

The cases were called for trial;
The first one named was Mutt vs. Wile.
A little lawyer with a whittled off
voice
Said, Mutt was his client, as of choice.
Another, who looked wise like an owl,
His tone, a doleful hollow growl,
Announced, he was ready to begin
Soon as the jury were called in.

THE JUROR (Continued)

An other case was called by the court;
A bustling barrister began to cavort,
Said he was busy in every way
—An important trial for each day,
Was sought and needed everywhere,
In Chicago, Cairo, here and there;
But if the Court would set it down
He thought in the end he'd get around.

A solicitor with fearful frown
Who was not to be out done,
Stated his cases he would try
Only his vacation was drawing
nigh.

He had suits at law, in equity too,
In foreign states both old and new
With clients jumping into view
In every town that he passed through.

THE JUROR (Continued)

The time arrived to motions make,
To move the court, to orders take;
One a continuance must have
His client's health and cause to
save.

One with meek retreating chin
Besought the court, with sickly grin
To an order made and let him in
—His client was poor and out of tin.

So the work went on and 'round
The quips were passed on friendly
ground,
As each **stood**, or sat, as he thought
best,
Told his tale with solemn mien or ready
jest.

The Goddess is blind! O happy day!
Better be deaf, some would say.
While lawyers strive, with words contend,
Justice for all, is sought in the end.

THE JUROR (Continued)

Then through this vaulted room
Where Justice held full sway,
There passed the shades of those
Who here held forth in former day;
Recalled the name, the spectral form,
Of many known to earth and fame,
Who by their grace and courtly charm
Received much praise and just acclaim.

They seem to halt and for a moment stand
Before the court, as if at his command,
In silent reverence bow unto the law;
We look again, in doubt of what we saw.
Was it a dream of the Used-to-be,
Or what we think it may have been,
Or the magical spell of the spirit of men,
Of those who have lived and gained
renown?

THE JOINER

COOPERATE, combine and conspire,
Is the cry in the street and
the press;
To procure your wish and desire,
Stand still and depend on the
rest.

For your life, do not do for your-
self,
It would be a disgrace and a shame.
Would you act boldly and strive for
relief,
Instead of dependent and lame?

Join all the isms and schisms, cir-
cles and clubs,
To be used as crutches and canes;
Do as directed by all of the dubs,
But never be bossed by your brains.

THE JOINER (Continued)

It is against the rules of good manners
To go off and sit down all alone;
You must be up and follow the banners,
With a bow and a scrape to the throne.

He who sits alone, in fancy may brood,
His thoughts drift away in infinite
 love;
His imagery picture the birds in the wood
The beauties of earth and the heavens
 above.

Of course he is queer—the others all know,
Should be taken and carted away
From the gabfest, where each gets to blow,
 And tell a whole mess of I-say.

THE RECEPTION

IN came the Blondine Lady
With her lovely golden hair,
Her step as soft as velvet
Or the tiger's in his lair;
Her smile upon the company
Was so exquisite and rare,
The gentlemen arose, and made
Obeisance, her beauty to declare.

Her ways were so bewitching
So magnificent and grand,
The gentlemen of this company
Could nothing do but stand;
Bend themselves o'er forward
Then straighten up again,
And grin, as any yokel, when,
His courage lost its sand.

THE RECEPTION (Continued)

They had read of Cleopatra
And the beauties of the past,
Had seen the Fickle Follies
Who 'tis said were rather fast;
But in all their various reading
And experience of their lives
They had never known a lady
The sight of who could drive,
The breath from out their bodies
By the dazzle of her eyes.

When this rare and radiant vision
Came blooming to the light,
As if the cereus of a century
Were in a glorious flight,
I must say, it was no hero,
Relieved them from their plight,
Nor the coming of the day
As it chases out the night.

THE RECEPTION (Continued)

But in the introductions,
In the bowing up and down,
Or in the, "Pleased to meet ye,"
As this vision swung around,
Some one did contrive,
Behind her hand to whisper,
"If she's a day, She's
Forty five!"

MUSIC

I CANNOT sing the tunes
That in the books are found,
The only Music that I know
Are Nature's perfect sounds,
Heard in the summer's glow
As the balmy eve' comes down.

Those sounds that gently come
From, no one knows where;
We think they are here,
And then they are there,
Those soft uncertain tones
That drive away all care.

MUSIC (Continued)

In the lazy hazy days
Of weather soft and fine,
You hear the song birds lay
Along with the cow bells chime,
And dream of many a fay
Who dance to a fairy rhyme.

And then again in winter time
When the storm king rides alone,
A fearless fiend of the frozen north
On the wing of the snow's white foam.
'Tis then we hear the martial sound
Of the wild winds as they roam.

Or, he sends his legions charging
down
In the dark and frozen night,
As if the cavalry of all past
time
Were leading in the fight.
'Tis then you hear the bugle call,
Of Nature in her might.

MADE OVER

IS there no escape, from the self-appointed
Pharisees,
Who seek to measure off the rules to govern
you and me?
Who say to others, we this to do have no
desire,
Hence duty commands us,—great disciples
of humanity—
To put you under our restraint and care,
To do as we, or suffer pains and penalty.
'Tis true, our forbears, the Pioneers
Built this Commonwealth, that all might
Dwell herein in peace and liberty;
Enjoy the rights of man by nature given,
That men might be free, and not by others
driven;
Need not conform in every way, by others
ridden.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

MADE OVER (Continued)

This, the doctrine of the early days,
Taught by a free and vigorous race,
Each taught the facts of life to face,
Knowing he must answer for his mistake;
That he could not follow in another's wake,
On his own conduct must rely;
Not hide behind the conformer's cry,
And say, "I only followed on,
And did what others had come to say
Was right and just in every way."

MADE OVER (Continued)

But those days are of another age,
Now we are as parrots in a cage;
To be, as pebbles polished by a lathe,
Turned and rolled—to think as any slave—
Made to do and be, as others are,
In their ignorance and mediocrity must
share.
And if perchance, in creation's early dawn,
Or by some freak of nature, when you were
born,
A glittering spark, a ray of light, did find
A place or lodge within your mind,
It must be dimmed and driven out,
To match the minds of others ranged
about.

THE U. S. A. IN 1917

HERE Liberty reigns enthroned in the heart,
Will weather the gale, will never depart,
So long as we know what Liberty means;
Remember that license and sloth from within,
Like a cancerous growth, like a thief in the night,
Can take while we sleep, our Freedom and Might.

O, have we the heart, the Fathers knew,
The spirit and courage of the Mothers, too,
Who sat at the loom and the cloth beat out,
Toiled in the field with hearts that were stout,
When their husbands and sons answered the call,
With pick and shovel, with musket and ball?

THE U. S. A. IN 1917 (Continued)

Breathe into our bodies the spirit and
pride,

Into our souls the courage that did
guide,

Those Fathers and Mothers by the At-
lantic side;

Who suffered and toiled, their sons gave
up,

Rather than drink from the bitter
cup

Held to their lips by a kingly group.

Such was the blood of those Mothers of old,
For their sons and daughters more pre-
cious than gold.

But for the unconquerable spirit and soul
That the heroes of earth possessed in the
past,

We would now bear the yoke, in slavery held
fast.

Awake, my Country-men! Awake from your
Trance!

For Liberty! On to the Trenches in France!

THE BUMBLE BEE

THE buzzing of the Bumble Bee
Is no idle dream,
His lazy aimless innocence
Is not what it may seem,
While at his daily labor
Of sipping off the cream
From blossoms and from flowers,
As he passes to and fro
O'er the field and upland
Where the fragrant clovers grow.

You can hear him droning
A low and tuneless song,
The key he never changes,
As he loafes and sips along;
Unless some alien interferes
With the business he's engaged,
Then, if his droning quickens,
You may know he's in a rage;
That its time to hunt for cover
And prepare to stand a siege.

THE BUMBLE BEE (Continued)

His resplendent uniform
Of yellow on his back,
Stands out in brilliant luster
Against his dress of black.
Like vain and pompous people,
Who dress in splendid clothes,
He is burdened with his effort
To live the part he shows;
Hence, his regal dignity,
His languor and repose.

While to you, he may appear,
A coxcomb and a dude,
He has the spirit of a cavalier,
You can not treat him rude;
Not even with a pleasantry,
He's never in a merry mood,
Is for his native country,
And protects his home and brood.

THE BUMBLE BEE (Continued)

He is not too proud to fight,
And, if you kill his people,
Will strike with all his might.

He will rally out his soldiers,
A black and yellow band,
Will attack you without warning,
To drive you from his land;
Will fight you in the open
And charge you wild and grand.

If you meet him in the stubble
With your face toward the sun,
He will sting you on the forehead,
And put you on the run.
Your eyes he'll glue together,
And make you lose your sight,
Will take you under cover
Where your clothing fits you tight,
Will soak your epidermis
And make you look a fright.



THE BUMBLE BEE (Continued) .

You will think the Chinese have you
The stink pots you will smell;
—You'd like to call a dentist
To gas you for a spell—
For of all the liquid fire,
Of which you ever read,
He will soon convince you
The half has not been said.

The strong and virile nations
Of the Eastern Hemisphere,
May trample on the Chinaman,
His land may rend and tear;
The shifty treacherous Mexican
May shoot your Uncle Sam,
May steal and murder freely,
All along the Rio Grande.

THE BUMBLE BEE (Continued)

But if you slap a Bumble Bee
Or trample on his nest,
You need not write a letter
For he will do the rest;
He is no spineless pacifist
If he has a yellow vest.
His name it may be **humble**
But he will do his best
To protect his people,
His sovereignty and nest.

THE GOSSIPS

TWO lazy girls on the bed spread out,
Like farm hands resting at noon;
With hair tied up in gewgaw knots
To make false ringlets bloom.

They are all dolled up in kimonos loud,
Made of calico, cotton or silk,
That are spotted and mottled like many
a cloud,
As it floats in a sky of milk.

They lay and talk of gossip and song
And plan new clothes to wear;
The tales they tell are so loud and long,
They're enough to make you swear.

THE GOSSIPS (Continued)

Yet still they lay and roll around
And hope for the curl of their hair;
I am sleepy and ready to go to bed,
If only they'd hike somewhere.

The sand man comes and nods to me,
I blink and look about;
Suppose in the end I'll have to get
up,
And bodily throw them out.

IN THE BACK SEAT

THEY took me out and rode me 'round
In their car so nice and new.
They bounced me o'er the pavement.
Like a bounding gazebo;
I hit the cushion soundly
Was up and down again,
It was an imitation of
"Life on the bounding main."

They fed her with the throttle,
They fed her with a spoon,
They gave her gas in bottle
And sparked her by the moon.
Her gears they changed about
And made her groan and cough,
Like Dobbin with the heaves
From clover in his trough.

IN THE BACK SEAT (Continued)

They said, "She is not doing right"
To this I could agree,
Her manners were the very worst
'Twas plain enough to see.
The assault she made upon my frame
The way she made me mix,
In any court would prove her wrong
And badly out of fix.

THE CORN BELT

THE Corn Belt lies in winding length,
Across the North of the Central West,
Fertile and black in its teeming strength,
The Horn of Plenty its crown and crest.

The plants in line, by twos and fours,
Peeping forth from their bed of earth
—Heat waves dance in the noon day hours,
Guardian spirits, that gave them birth.

They are toughened by sun, beaten by rain,
Combed by the harrow of deadly deeds,
As the toiling farmer shouts in vain,
To urge the team, in his war on weeds.

While this war goes on, they gain by strides,
From the friendly touch of the fertile soil
Rolled to their feet when the plowboy rides,
Like a king on his throne, the plows to
guide.

THE CORN BELT (Continued)

Kissed by dews in their infant state,
Nursed by this soil 'neath golden suns,
Tilled and coaxed early and late,
With hoe and plow, as the weather comes.

Refreshed by humid winds of night,
Winged across these fruitful lands,
Which put the spirit of dreams to flight
And sweat the face, as God commands.

They greet the morn be-gemmed with dew,
Their banners drooping toward the earth
O'er horse and plowman passing through,
And sing to him—Eolian Harps.

The flaunting Tassel high in air
Nods and bends in rhythmic time,
Plume of knights and ladies fair,
Proud, as a Royal Oriflamme.

SHUCKING TIME

HEAR the rattle of the wagons at the rising
of the sun,
O'er the hard and frozen ground when the
shucking has begun
—Sound of infantry in action with rifle
and with bomb.

Golden ears of Sunshine, the fruit of Sum-
mer's heat,
Are garnered by this harvester in the wagon
long and deep,
And glow in brilliant luster, a rounded
yellow heap.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

SHUCKING TIME (Continued)

Grain of the age primeval! When the Red-
man roamed the land,
His female tilled the maize, showing the
skill of her hand,
Pointing the way to a harvest; Food of the
Western Land!

Famine will pass by night, the land where
Corn is King;
His yellow glow is life and light, will a joyful
living bring:
A blessing to all—from the Indian's hand—
America's favor, and gift to man.

TO THE CHILDREN



PLAYING LADY

SEE the lady all dressed in style
Who watched her chance for the longest
 while
To climb high up in the top of the house,
 Soft and still as a timid mouse,
To the place where she had often seen
 Hung on nails in rafter and beam,
Flashing garments all red and green
 —Hats of gold and silverine.

She fastened them on with pin and string;
 But of all she found, the finest thing
Was the old moth-eaten breakfast shawl,
 That makes her so big, so fine and tall.
She has been out in the public street
 Surprising those she happened to meet,
With the grandest hat there is in town:
 Don't the people all stop and look around?

THE REPLY

YOU wrote me in your letter
That the others and yourself
Were making plans and plotting
Like childish little elves,
With secrecy and cunning
A surprise: upon yourselves?

Of course you plainly told me
In your letter just at hand,
That the pleasure you were having
In the work so nicely planned,
Was a tribute to the Mother
Of your happy little band.

But when I caught your meaning,
Could see you were in doubt,
I, also, kept on thinking
“The Mother may find out;”
And how often all our planning
Ends, the other way about.

THE REPLY (Continued)

For, as you journey onward
And learn the ways of life,
You will find what's here intended
As a lesson to your wits
To make you guess the riddle
Of, whose surprise is this?

It is doing good for others
For those you love so well,
That's the secret of your pleasure
And the riddle I would tell;
Like the secret of this festal
That you wrote me, "don't you tell."

THE FAIRY

THE secret is out and the truth
I will tell,
This timid sprite, who came at
night,
And cast her winning spell,
Is one of the fairies, you see.

Her eyes are blue as a summer sky,
They twinkle as bright and free,
As the glint on the water that
lies in a pool,
In the shade of a forest tree.

The rays of the sun have kissed
her hair,
Its curls and curlecues,
Given it a tinge of the harvest
times,
The yellow and golden hues.

THE FAIRY (Continued)

She cheers, with laughter and
 a baby's song,
If the tune strays off, or the
 time goes wrong,
Like a good little soldier she
 carries on,
And never knows when she skips
 a note,
Or one sticks fast in her dear
 little throat.

She rules as a Fairy Queen,
Who convenes her court in the
 early morn,
Before the sun is seen;
And adjourns, by the nod of her
 head,
When she has to be caught and
 put to bed;
Shipped to the Land of Dreams!

THE OLD BELL COW

MOTHER says, the time has come
To be up an' away,—the cows bring
home.

No difference how fine the game
may be,

No difference if I am just “in free,”
When Mother says the time has come,
That’s the end of present fun.

That Old Bell Cow with the strap
on 'er neck

Is smarter than most of the folks
on the crick;

She knows how to hide in the heel
of the day,

As the sun goes down at the end of
my play.

THE OLD COW BELL (Continued)

The time is short an' the cows
must be found,
An' driven in or the dark will come
down,
The crickets will cheep, the owls
will hoot,
The noise of night will scare you to
boot.
So I fix the rag on my old sore toe
An' take through the woods to the
valley below;
I go hippity-hop, but not very slow,
Thinkin' the while how big I'll grow
And how I'll chase that Old Bell Cow.

THE OLD COW BELL (Continued)

I see a snake in the grass slide past,
An' jump so high my breath sticks fast;
A toad hops out, in the little old
 path,
An' I think I'm bit by that snake at last.
Then I get back to the work on hand,
To find the slickest old cow in the land,
I guess where she is an' guess agin;
Is she down by the crick in the horse
 weeds tall,
With the others 'round her just like a
 wall,
Or over the hill where the timber is
 small?

THE OLD COW BELL (Continued)

The big cow fly an' green-heads so mean,
The skeeters an' gnats an' any old thing,
May bite an' eat 'er, an' mak'er bleed
—She'll stand like a stone while the
others feed!

I hark an' listen, an' try my best,
To hear the bell, or eny uv the rest;
I run an' race 'till out of breath
—The darned old cows are still as death!

That Old Bell Cow, I know her well,
She'd sooner die an' go to Hell
Than jingle for once that old cow bell.
I know it's bad to think that way
An's one of the things I musn't say;
But the sun is down an' the dark has
come,
An' I can't find the cows to take them
home!

THE OLD COOK STOVE

O, THAT Old Cook Stove, with the hump
on its back,

That stood in the corner o'er many a
crack

In the floor of the kitchen,—all rusty
and black.

O, that Old Cook Stove with its heat
and glow,

When Winter's cold winds would sigh
and blow,

As Mother cooked the evening meal,
The comfort and pleasure I then could
feel.

As I sat on the wood piled high
and dry,

No king on his throne, so happy as
I,

With Mother there to tell me the why
Of all I might ask, just she and I.



LITTLE CAPER

WHEN I was a little boy
A pesky little tot,
I got a little dog
All covered o'er with spots;
A little speckled dog,
A regular polka-dot.

He liked a little boy
Was glad to run and play,
So I called him Little Caper,
He was kindly built that way,
And was always ready
To bark so loud and gay.

He always went with me
At any time of day,
And follered close behind
When I would run away,
And hide among the hazel,
Or in the timber stray.

LITTLE CAPER (Continued)

They would hustle through the
forest,
Through the bushes dark and low,
Peering for my tracks,
If it happened there was snow.
Sometimes he'd run around
And caper in the path,
Then they'd foller him and find
me;
I could almost hear him laugh!

Some big men were mean to me,
And treated Caper bad;
Said they's goin' to kill him,
Just to make me mad,
To get me in a tantrum,
'Cause then I talked so bad.



LITTLE CAPER (Continued)

Poor little Caper, like all others
We used to know and love,
A sickness, it just got him,
For awhile he sorter strove;
But he could not last forever,
Same as loved ones, that we know.

One day when I had aiger
So bad I couldn't move,
He died, out in the medder,
Where the men were making hay,
And when I asked about him
They said he'd gone away.

I went out behind the cabin
Where so often we did play,
And the tears they kept a comin'
'Cause Little Caper'd gone away,
And even now at fifty
When my hair is thin and gray,
The tears they keep a comin'
'Cause, so many's gone away.

CHARLES EDWARD

HE was a Texas Ranger
A mighty man of fame;
He came from San Jacinto,
Charles Edward was his name.

He roamed along the border
O'er prairie break and hill,
Across the sandy desert,
Through miles of chaparral.

Braved the torrid region
Along the Rio Grande,
And faced the freezing Norther,
As well as desert sand.



CHARLES EDWARD (Continued)

He knew the Big Bend country
With the Greaser sneaking through,
As sailors know the ocean
Or the farmer knows the dew.

Like the heroes of the Alamo
He sought for conquest new;
Was wild for any venture,
His courage brave and true.

Was never known to weaken
In the State of the Lonely Star;
Never failed or faltered,
'Till he came up north too far.

When first we came to know him
He had quit that tragic land,
Where the wind is always windy
And the air is filled with sand.

S O N G S O F T H E A M B R A W

CHARLES EDWARD (Continued)

Was then in Illinois,
The Prairie State of fame,
To visit his old Auntie
And her husband blind and lame.

He could stand against the Greaser,
Meet the north wind's coldest blast;
When it came to Auntie's cooking
His stomach bucked and "passed."

It is very sad to see,
A thing we hate to tell,
But this gallant Texas Ranger
Is not feeling very well.

The pie crust and the peaches,
The frosting on the cake,
Paralyze his courage—
Are keeping him awake.



THE FIDDLER

A WAY from us, off to school,
Where so much is taught by rule,
Our little girl went her way,
Finally returned today.
What do you suppose she did,
Minding all her teacher said?

Did she learn to cook and bake,
Mix the bread and stir the cake,
How to mend, to wash and sweep,
How a house to clean and keep?
Not with such things did she meddle,
She was learning how to fiddle.

She's a fiddler out of sight!
Her bow goes so smooth and light,
As it glides across the strings
How her fingers make them sing,
As she moves them up and down,
While the bow goes round and round.

THE FIDDLER (Continued)

O, Grand Opera it must go!
Come and hear "Old Arkansaw,"
When our girl she takes the bow;
"The Devil's Dream"—tunes you know
From her fiddle sweetly flow
And the wiggle gets your toe.

While she has learned to fiddle,
The strings to touch and play,
The bow to swing and handle
With a most artistic sway,
Her foot, the time don't keep
In the good old-fashioned way.

So we'll send her back to school,
Some more lessons she must take,
She must be a classic fiddler,
If she never learns to bake;
It's artistic stuff we're after,
That is how to take the cake!



THREE LITTLE GIRLS

THREE were Three Little Girls,
The best in the land,
We thought they were pearls
And each very grand.

The two who were smaller
Were about my own size,
Loved to whoop and to holler
And thought me quite wise.

They would squeal and cry out
In a very high key,
As each one climbed up
And sat on a knee.

Would ride shanks hoss
And yell with delight,
Then cry for a toss
To give them a fright.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS (Continued)

When they came to our house
Down the old beaten track,
They would not go home
Except pick a pack.

So we toted them 'round
One at a time,
Loved them to death,
And thought they were fine.

We humored their whims,
Their every caprice.
And hope when we're old
They will bring us much peace.

If they forget us
And wander away,
We will always remember
They once brightened our
day.

THE TRANSGRESSORS

WE found the finest place to swim
Way off from home beneath
The water-elm, and the sycamore limb;
In waters dark and deeply blue,
With spots where sunshine trickled
through
—The ripples gurgling down below.

William could not walk
Nor, could we leave him home
For he would tell, and talk
Of pleasures we had ventured on:
Then parental wrath would fall
As retribution on us all.

We took the trundle wagon
That was solid in every part
Right into, and made a cart—
A chariot to haul him on,
So he could ride and drive
As any Jehu then alive.

THE TRANSGRESSORS (Continued)

Two boys made the team, to haul
This conveyance to the stream.
They pranced, they turned and
twisted 'round,
In great pretense they pawed the
ground,
With feet all brown and bare
—Except a toe or ankle here and
there
Where a rag was tied around.

Every feller held his breath
'Till the forest had been made.
Across the clearing we did "skin,"
That was where we had to win;
If we made the woods alright
We were safely out of sight.

Each day we made the run,
Had scads and heaps of fun.
It was the only thing we ever done
And not be caught, to judgment
brought.
How it happened, I don't know,
Unless, we were frightened so.

TAG

THE game of Tag is a wonderful
play,
Is played by the blossoms in early
May,
When birds hold forth and Spring
has sway,
Tagging each other from day to
day.

The children follow each other
around,
In gambol and frolic are always
found,
No one knows where e'er they're
bound,
Tagging each other, 'round and
'round.

TAG (Continued)

The youths and maids are just the
same,
To seek each other, the greatest
game,
To love and play is more than
fame;
Tagging along at the same old
game.

They will go to church in a little
while
Walking together in double file.
So fearful neither will dare to
smile,
And Tag each other at the end of
the aisle.

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